DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXII., No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1887. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

BOTTLE TREES.

Among the trees which nature appears to have conceived when in one of her most fastastic and capricious moods are the bottle trees of Australia. These were first made known to the scientific world in 1872, by Dr. George Bennett, of Sydney, New South Wales. He writes: "After passing over the fine sheep pastures on the station, we came on a sandy soil, on which eucalyptus and other gigantic myrtles flourished, as well as various kinds of acacias, accompanied by a kind of vegetation showing a poor soil. It was among these that we observed the peculiar trees termed from the singularity of their form, bottle trees, growing at various short distances from one another. To approach each separately, we had to pass through a scrub or thorny brake. On coming within sight of them, their remarkable formation and variety of growth, with their great elevation and bulk, excited our admiration, and amply repaid us for our trouble. The trees were nine, varying in size from thirty-five to sixty feet in height, with huge branches at the summit. The foliage is composed of narrow lance-shaped leaves four to seven inches long. Others on the same tree and stem are digitated (finger shaped). Dr. Bennett goes on to state that one of the trees at seven feet from the base measured thirty-five feet around. The trees grow luxuriantly in sandy soil, and are often tapped by the stock men and others for the glutinous sap which is a refreshing beverage. Many of the bottle trees are supposed to be thousands of years old.—*World of Wonders.*

FOOLISH JOE'S REVENGE.

"What is the excitement?" asked Mrs. Gay, as her two sons, Fred and Will, rushed into the dining-room one day at noon, flushed and breathless, and took their seats at the table. "I heard a great deal of noise in the street a moment ago."

"It was only Foolish Joe," answered Will. "The boys were trying to get his dog away from him."

"What did you want of the dog?" asked Mr. Gay.

"Oh, we didn't really want it. We were only teasing Joe. He thinks so much of that wretched cur that he won't let it out of his sight."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Gay. "It is all he has to love. His mother treats him shamefully, and looks upon him as a burden and a disgrace. She drinks, too, and people say that she beats him very often. He ought not to be teased, and I am sorry my boys took part in such cruel sport."

"We didn't think about its being cruel, mother," said Fred, looking a little ashamed of himself. "Everybody teases Joe. He ought to be used to it by this time."

"How brave and manly to torment a poor imbecile who can't defend himself!" and Mrs. Gay's tone was severe.

"He may not fight," said Mr. Gay, "but it is always dangerous to rouse the anger of an imbecile. One can never be sure in what way he will revenge his wrong. You boys may be sorry some day that you ever provoked Foolish Joe. Have you forgotten that he wrung the necks of every one of Mrs. Dabney's black Spanish fowls because she threw stones at his old rooster when it came into her yard?"

"Oh, he won't do anything to us boys," said Fred. "There's no danger of that. He's mortally afraid of us. Why, when we were trying to get the dog away from him, he whimpered like a big baby."

"I advise you to let him alone," said Mr. Gay. "As your mother says, it is neither brave nor manly to torment the helpless. There is no 'fun' in it, that I can see. Joe should be pitied not abused. I shall be very angry if I hear of your teasing him again."

Abashed by this rebuke neither Will nor Fred spoke again during the meal, and as soon as it was over, escaped from the room, and ran off to where three of their friends were waiting for them under a tree at the corner of the next street.

"Where's the dog?" asked Will.

"We've shut him up in a shed back of Dr. Wilbur's house," answered Tom Halliday. "Such a time as we had getting him in without anyone seeing us! And Joe's gone home, crying like a good fellow! Who'd have thought he set so much by that dog! It would be a mercy to kill the little beast; he's nothing but skin and bone."

"No; we mustn't do that," said Bert Snyder. "That would be mean. But we can keep him hidden over Sunday, just for fun. And Joe'll just go wild."

"Well, what are we going to do this afternoon?" inquired Will.

"I'm going to Bug Island to fish," said Luke French.

"We can't," said Fred. "It would cost us a dollar to hire a boat."

Luke smiled sagely.

"We don't need to hire one," he said. "Perry Thompson's gone to stay over Sunday and he left the key of his boat-house with me, and said I could use the boat to-day, if I felt like it. We can all go. It's big enough to hold five."

Jubilant, and with anticipations of a fine time, the boys started for the river at once, stopping at a bakery on the way to fill their pockets with fresh doughnuts, for they felt sure they would be hungry before supper-time.

"There's all the fishing-tackle here we want," said Luke, as he unlocked the door of the boat-house. "Perry won't mind our using it. He's the best fellow that ever breathed."

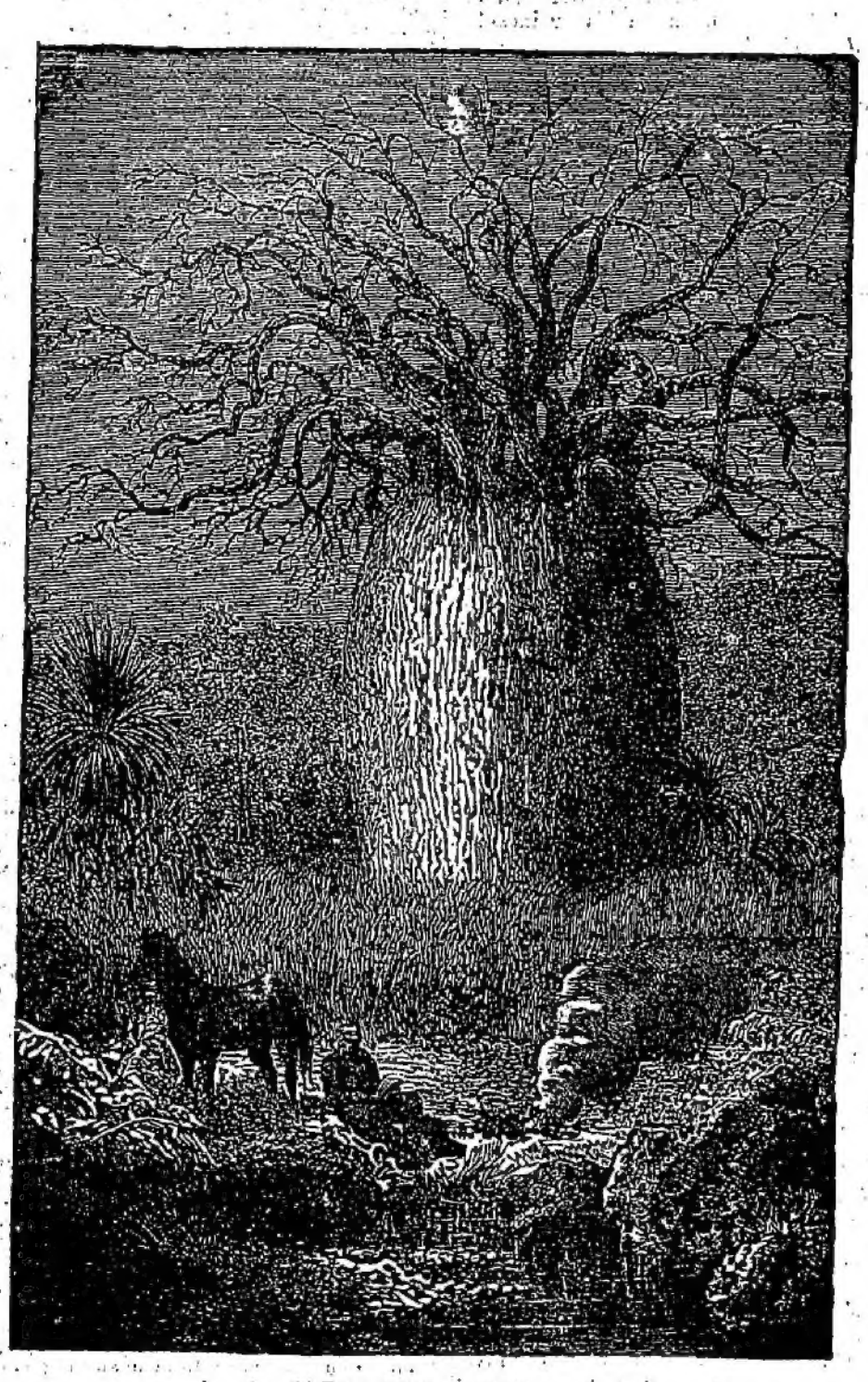
The boat was soon launched, and the five boys rowed off, unconscious that they were watched by Foolish Joe, who, anxious to obtain possession of his dearly beloved dog, had followed them unobserved and hidden himself behind the boat-house.

Careless Luke had forgotten, when he closed the door, to take the key from the lock, and this fact Joe perceived as soon as the boat was out of sight, and he found himself at liberty to make a tour of inspection.

Of course, he entered the boat-house at once, and with idle curiosity examined everything it contained. What appeared to please him most, was a small boat called the "Nellie," which Perry Thompson kept exclusively for his own use, and which could seat only one. It was a very light affair, gaily painted and handsomely fitted up.

Joe sat down on a low stool, and with his head on his hands, remained some time plunged in thought. Then he rose, and with a most malevolent expression of countenance, opened the boat-house door, and dragged the "Nellie" out. Two minutes later it was rocking on the river, with Foolish Joe handling the oars.

Mr. Thompson and all his family, except Perry, had gone to the White Mountain for the summer, and as the house stood a long distance from any other, and not even



THE BOTTLE TREE.

a servant was left in charge of the premises, there was no one to see Foolish Joe's departure.

The five boys, on arriving at the island, fastened their boat to a tree on the shore, and went some distance away to a large rock, where they could seat themselves comfortably to fish. They had good luck from the moment they threw in their lines, and at the end of an hour their string of rock and perch was so long that they began to talk of returning home.

"We may as well stay a little while longer," said Will. "There's no telling when we will get over here again. Let's fish until sun-down, any way."

As the last words left his lips, a harsh laugh followed by a loud shout, made every boy spring to his feet; and to their consternation and amazement, they saw Foolish Joe not a dozen yards away, rowing off in the "Nellie", towing after him the big boat in which they had come to the Island.

"Joe! Joe! come back here, I say," shouted Luke. "What do you mean by taking off our boat! Bring it back at once."

Joe answered only by a chuckling laugh, and kept on rowing.

"You villain!" cried Tom Halliday, "bring that boat back, or we'll make you sorry for it."

But this threat had no apparent effect on Joe, who with every moment widened the distance between himself and the shore of the Island.

The boys shouted at him until they were hoarse, and when they saw that threats were of no avail, they tried persuasion, and promised all sorts of favors and gifts if he would only bring back the boat.

But not a word did they obtain in reply and in a few minutes the boats disappeared around a bend in the river.

"This is a nice situation," said Luke. "How are we going to get back home, I'd like to know?"

No one answered him. The faces he looked upon were all exceedingly grave.

"Not a soul except Joe knows where we are," said Will, when the silence began to grow oppressive. "No one will ever think of coming here after us."

"I wish I had mentioned at home that Perry had offered me the use of his boat," said Luke, "but, of course, I didn't,—worse luck."

"That is what we get for plaguing Joe," remarked Fred. "I'll take precious good care to let him alone hereafter."

"He isn't as foolish as most folks think him," said Bert Snyder. "And that poor dog of his! It'll starve to death."

Thus talking, and keeping their eyes on the river, in the hope of seeing some one come to their rescue, the boys whiled away an hour. But as it began to grow dark the conversation flagged.

"If we could only make a fire," said Luke, "it might be seen from the shore; but I haven't a match about me."

Neither had any one of his companions, though every pocket was at once turned inside out in a desperate search.

"We must try two stones," said Will, gathering a pile of dry leaves.

But though every boy tried in turn the experiment of striking stones, no one succeeded in igniting the leaves.

They gave up trying at last, and sat down to eat their doughnuts in gloomy silence. How earnestly they wished they had brought more; for they were very hungry. A more dismal night than that spent on Bug Island, those five boys had never known. It was so cold that they were obliged to walk up and down the shore the greater part of the time in order to keep warm, and when at length the sun rose, they were tired and cross as well as hungry and chilled.

"Somebody must come to-day," said Will. "We'll die if we have to spend another night here."

But hour after hour passed, and no one came. Not a boat of any kind was seen on the river.

It was a Sunday the boys never forgot as long as they lived. They had all the time they wanted in which to regret their cruelty to the poor imbecile, and to see their conduct in its true light.

When the dusk again began to creep over the Island and they contemplated the prospects of spending upon it another long, cold night, they were almost desperate; when all at once they heard a shout and saw a boat turning the bend, they sobbed for joy, big boys as they were.

The boat contained Mr. Gay and Mr. French, and as they rowed the half-starved boys homeward, they told them that their absence had created no anxiety, as every one had felt sure that they had run off to attend a circus exhibiting in a town twelve miles away, and it was foolish Joe himself who had given the alarm. He had found his dog, after a diligent search, and had at once gone to Mr. Gay's to tell him that the boys were on the Island. But he had not told his own part in the affair.

"He ought to be hung," said Luke French, excitedly.

"No," said Mr. Gay. "He gave you no more than you deserved."—*F. B. Hallowell, in Examiner.*

TEMPERANCE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

We must teach our Sunday-school boys that God's law is absolutely and teetotally prohibitive of every thing that is evil, and so must be human law or else it cannot go upon our statute books and stay there. It will be torn off, or *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* is written against our nation. The whiskey business is a giant evil. It is intrenched; its roots grip our granite foundations, and a day will not destroy it. It will take a generation. Moral sentiment must be made, and we must begin with childhood minds where it can be made. And to make such sentiment a temperance organization in the Sunday-school might be advisable, with regular meetings held, and a temperance pledge from every child secured not only to drink not, but also to use every possible proper effort to stop the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. By every way we can, let us make sentiment against this business. And since the Sunday-schools of our land hold half the voters of the coming generation, let the Sunday-schools do their duty and soon we shall have a children's crusade against the "enemies of our Lord," indeed; and by and by there will be a cyclone of human indignation against this evil manifest in the act of suffrage, and the day of deliverance will dawn, and the felon's mark will be on the brow of every whiskey-seller and the outlaw's ban will be upon his business!—*Rev. J. C. Floyd.*

HOW TO KEEP THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Why do so many young persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five leave the Sunday-school? For the same reason that so many persons do not attend preaching—they are not interested. Who is responsible for this? Largely the Sunday-school teacher—just as the minister is largely responsible for the failure to interest persons in his preaching. Sunday-school-teachers, like preachers, should bring out of the Lord's treasure-house—from which they can draw bountifully—"things both new and old." He is not a well-instructed scribe who can only bring out of the treasury the things which are old, and if he persists in supplying those who depend on him for mental and spiritual aliment, with that only which is old, he must not be surprised if, after a time, they acquire a distaste for staleness, and seek newer and greener pastures elsewhere. The adult youth can be retained in the Sunday-school by interesting and attractive teaching, and a Sunday-school whose teachers are growing, mentally and spiritually, will not lose such scholars.

The present is an age of great intellectual growth, vigor and activity. American youth, especially, are in the very midst of the currents and tides of this intellectual life; they imbibe its spirit and enjoy it. In the secular schools they come in contact with teachers who are hard students, who are growing mentally all the time; in the secular school-room there is an atmosphere in harmony with their own intellectual life and growth; it pervades all their associations and relations in life. Is it surprising that young persons would soon weary of a Sunday-school where teachers have ceased to grow mentally because they ceased to study? Intellectual life all around them everywhere else—staleness and stagnation in the Sunday-school, where, above every other place, the teacher should be upon his highest spiritual and mental nerve.—*Thos. Simpson, in Normal School Journal.*

MEN DREAD THE CHOLERA, the yellow fever, and the small pox, and take expensive precautions against it, while the ravages of all of them in a year do not produce the mischief that intemperance does in a month. It is worse than a plague, worse than fire or inundation, or war. Nothing but sickness, death, immorality, crime, pauperism, and a frightful waste of resources comes of it. Meantime our public men are timid about it, our churches are half indifferent over it, our ministers talk about the Scriptural use of wine, our scientific men dispute about the nutritive properties of alcohol, our politician utter wise things about personal rights and sumptuary laws, and the people are going to the devil.—*J. G. Holland in* 1862.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 28.

PIETY WITHOUT DISPLAY.—MATT. 6:1-15.

COMMIT VERSES 7-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16:7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

True piety is sincere in its motives, and not self-seeking.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 5:27-48.
T. Matt. 6:1-15.
W. Luke 11:1-13.
Th. Matt. 23:1-14.
F. Luke 18:1-14.
Sa. Matt. 18:19-35.
Su. James 5:10-20.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT, to Lord's Prayer. (Luke 11:1-4.)

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Sermon on the Mount is continued, and Jesus applies the principle of the last lesson to giving and praying.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. ALMS—acts of kindness, giving to the poor. Alms should be righteousness here. 2. SOUND A TRUMPET—as was done before a king to announce his coming. It means, Do not tell people, or display your good deeds. HYPOCRITES—those who wear a mask; who pretend to be good, while they are bad. SYNAGOGUES—the Jewish churches. HAVE THEIR REWARD—are rewarded by men's praising, and envying them; by a reputation for goodness. 3. LEFT HAND KNOW, etc.—be so quiet, so unconscious of your own good deeds as not even to think of them. 5. STANDING IN THE SYNAGOGUES—as the Pharisee and publican. This does not speak of leading others in prayer in meeting, but of having your private devotions in public, for the purpose of seeming very pious. 6. INTO THY CLOSET—in some retired place, where you may commune alone with God. OPENLY—the new spirit given, the better life, the answers to prayer, will prove that you pray. 7. VAIN REPETITIONS—saying over a form many times, as if God were pleased with it, as if it were a charm. 9. AFTER THIS MANNER—not always in these words, but here are all the elements of prayer,—this is the kind of prayer. OUR—showing we are all brethren. FATHER—therefore near and loving. HALLOWED—treated as holy, sacred. 10. THY KINGDOM—the reign of Christ in every heart, when all love and serve him. 11. DAILY BREAD—food for body, food for mind, and all wants; bread from heaven. 12. DEBTS—sins; the duties we owed to God, and failed to give. 13. DELIVER US—either keep us out of temptation, or give us grace to grow better under it. AMEN—so let it be.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Of what sermon is to-day's lesson a part? What was the subject of our last lesson? By what example was it illustrated? What other subjects were taken up in the same way? (Matt. 5:27-48.)

SUBJECT: SINCERITY IN WORKS AND WORSHIP.

I. THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE (v. 1).—With what two opposite motives may men do good deeds? Is any deed really good which is done to be seen of men? Why not? Of what reward will such deeds fail? What is necessary in order that our Heavenly Father may give His reward?

II. THE PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO GIVING (vs. 2-4.)—What are alms? What is a hypocrite? How do hypocrites give alms? What reward do they have? Why can they have no reward from God? How should Christians do good? Why? How does this agree with the command to let our light shine?

III. THE PRINCIPLE APPLIED TO PRAYING (vs. 5-8).—How do hypocrites pray? Why is this not true prayer? What is its reward? How should Christians pray? Does this forbid all public worship? How will true prayer be rewarded openly? In what ways do persons now sometimes use vain repetitions? If God knows all, why do we need to pray?

IV. THE MODEL PRAYER (vs. 9-15).—To whom is this prayer addressed? What seven petitions are made? What is the difference between the first three and the others? Why is God called "Father" here? Meaning of "hallow"? What three commandments are implied in v. 9?

What is it for God's kingdom to come? (v. 10.) Is our prayer for it sincere, if we do not labor and give that it may come? What is it for God's will to be done? By whom to be done? What changes would it make in ourselves? In business? In society? In the world?

What four things are asked for ourselves? (vs. 11-13.) What is included in "daily bread"? Why are sins called debts? What is the standard and condition of forgiveness? (vs. 14, 15.) How does this help us to forgive? What is the need of prayer against temptation? From what evils do we pray to be delivered? One way in which we are delivered? (2 Cor. 12:8, 9.)

What reasons are given why God can answer? How does this help us to pray in faith? How does God gain glory from answering prayer? Meaning of "Amen"?

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 4.

TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.—MATT. 6:24-34.

COMMIT VERSES 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Pet. 5:7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will take care of those who seek first his kingdom and righteousness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 6:16-23.
T. Matt. 6:24-34.
W. Luke 16:1-15.
Th. 1 Kings 3:5-14.
F. Mark 10:23-31.
Sa. Phil. 4:6-20.
Su. 1 Tim. 4:1-10.

PLACE.—The Mount of Beatitudes, near the Sea of Galilee.

INTRODUCTORY.—Christ still continues his Sermon on the Mount, teaching us to commit all our cares and needs to him; to do right, come what may, for he will care for us.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

24. CANNOT SERVE TWO MASTERS—you can have but one supreme love or allegiance. Their interests will often be opposite, and you must make your choice. MAMMON—riches, money; you can make money serve you, but, whenever it comes in conflict with God or duty you must give up the money. 25. TAKE NO THOUGHT—be not over-careful or over-anxious. It means the care which distracts us; so used in Shakespeare and other writers when the Bible was translated. MEAT—food. The idea is, you do right, care for your soul, and God will see that the body does not want. 26. FOWLS—birds in general. SOW NOT—he does not tell us not to sow, but to do our part, as the birds do theirs, and we shall be cared for. 27. CUBIT—a measure eighteen to twenty-one inches long. STATURE—may mean length of life or height of body, probably the latter. 28. LILIES—the gorgeous Huleh lily, wonderfully beautiful, it may include all wild flowers. 29. SOLOMON—David's son; the richest and most magnificent king the Jews ever knew. 30. GRASS—all kinds of herbs, including the wild flowers. CAST INTO THE OVEN—used for fuel, for wood was very rare. 32. GENTILES—the heathen; you would expect this anxiety from those who do not know our heavenly Father. 33. SEEK FIRST—make it first in importance. KINGDOM OF GOD—his service the principles of right. THE MORROW FOR ITSELF—not take care of itself, but have cares and anxieties of its own.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Why we cannot serve two masters.—Mammon.—No thought.—The argument from the birds.—The argument from the lilies.—Seeking first God's kingdom.—How "all these things should be added unto us."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? When are giving and praying wrongly done? When rightly? The laws of what kingdom is Jesus enunciating?

SUBJECT: SEEKING FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I. THE TWO MASTERS (v. 24).—What principle does Jesus lay down in reference to two masters? Why can we not serve two masters? Why must we serve one? Who are the two great masters that invite our service? What is Mammon? What is it to serve Mammon? Why cannot we serve God if we serve Mammon? Which is the best master to serve?

Does this principle forbid the having and using of money? What does it forbid? What is the difference between serving Mammon and making Mammon serve us? What does Jesus, in another place, bid us to do with the mammon of unrighteousness? (Luke 16:9.)

II. SEEKING FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD (vs. 25, 31-33).—What does the service of Mammon lead men to do? (vs. 25-32.) Meaning of "thought" here? Does this forbid forethought and preparation for the days to come? (v. 20; chap. 25:14-30.) What is meat? What is the argument in the last clause? What is the "kingdom of God"? (v. 33.) What is its righteousness? What is it to seek these first?

III. REASONS FOR SEEKING FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD (vs. 25-30, 32-34).

FIRST REASON (v. 33).—What does God promise to those who seek his kingdom first? What things will be added? Is this true of individuals? (Mark 10:29, 30.) Of nations? How does the condition of the nations of the world prove this? Show how most of the losses and disasters of business come from breaking this command.

SECOND REASON (v. 25).—For what should we take thought? How does seeking first God's kingdom and righteousness free us from anxiety? Why is anxious care wrong? Can we help it?

THIRD REASON (vs. 26-30).—How did Jesus prove that God would take care of us? Do the birds do nothing for their food? What is the argument in v. 30? Why does he speak of the people as persons of little faith?

FOURTH REASON (v. 34).—What is meant by the morrow taking thought for the things of itself? How can we add to one day the troubles of the next? What is the great truth of this lesson?

Is there no danger, from this teaching of Christ, of leading men to be idle, improvident and thriftless? How does his great principle take away this danger? Will seeking righteousness first lead to that course which will bring the best of this life, without the evils attending anxiety for riches?

LESSON CALENDAR.

THIRD QUARTER, 1887.

6. Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4:17-25.
7. Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5:1-16.
8. Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Law. Matt. 5:17-26.
9. Aug. 28.—Piety Without Display. Matt. 6:1-15.
10. Sept. 4.—Trust in our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6:24-34.
11. Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7:1-12.
12. Sept. 18.—Solemn Warning. Matt. 7:13-29.
13. Sept. 25.—Review, Temperance. Rom. 13:8-14. Missions. Matt. 4:12-16.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BEATEN TRACK.

"One day is so much like another, I grow so weary of the endless routine," sighs the matron, who has been occupied the winter long with the little cares of her household, and who has had no change of scene. Step outside the beaten track, if you can. It would be a novelty for you to try being a guest in your own house for a week, would it not? Suppose you give up the reins of authority to Lettie or Libbie, and let one of them keep house while you rest and play at visiting. You fancy that their inexperience and waste would annoy you? But why should there be waste, and how are the girls ever to gain experience unless their mother allows them to try their powers. Think of the relief of not knowing a single thing about your bill of fare for a whole week, while the girls surprise you and their father by the dainty menus, and display their inherited aptitudes by their exquisite puddings and cakes.

It would be a good plan for you to go away for a little while, if you could, now when you are tired. How many years have passed since you saw your sister, who married and went to a distant state to reside? Is it right that you and she should so rarely meet? Is there not somebody you ought to go and see this spring? Is there not somebody whom you might invite to come and see you? A guest in the house often introduces an element of agreeable interest, and breaks the spell of monotony which is inimical to the real enjoyment of the home.

Possibly, you would discover in yourself an unsuspected capacity for pleasure, if you should take up in earnest, as the children do, a new line of study. "What!" you exclaim, "take up a new study, an accomplishment at my age? Absurd!"

Not absurd in the least. Mrs. Prentiss at sixty began to paint in water-colors, and found the pursuit fascinating and delightful. In a letter written after her death, her teacher said: "I never saw such enthusiasm and such appreciation. At first her progress was slow, but as she gained knowledge of the materials, it became very rapid. What a delight it was to teach her. She always brought brightness to the studio with her. I can see her so plainly this moment as she came in one morning. 'Well,' she said, 'I thought when I commenced painting if ever I painted a daisy that did not need to be labelled, I should be proud, and I have done it.'"

In the circle of my acquaintance are several women whose dark hair is powdered with silver frost, but who have found in courses of reading diligently followed, in the resumed piano practice, in the exquisite tracery of the needle, a resource which is potential in charming hours of *ennui*, and in taking them out of themselves.

It is a great satisfaction now and then to wander away from the beaten track.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Christian Intelligencer.*

THE CARE OF THE PIANO.

BY ROSE GILLETTE.

All houses that contain a piano ought, for the sake of the instrument, to be perfectly free from dampness. There is nothing that will put even a fine instrument into bad repair and "out of tune" sooner than a damp atmosphere. Therefore after a heavy rain a fire ought to be lighted in the room in which the piano stands, and kept long enough to dry all the moisture off from windows and walls. If the piano must stand against the wall at all, it ought to be placed next an inner partition, and not close to an outside wall of brick, stone or wood. Most musicians consider the best effects and tones can be gotten by having the instrument quite out from contact with any wall in the room, but it certainly should be in a perfectly dry place.

Then it ought not to stand where it is exposed to any draughts, or where the sun shines directly upon it, or too near a fire—all of these influences affecting it more or less injuriously. When not in use for any length of time, it is best protected by a fleecy linen rubber cover, which can be taken off when the instrument is played upon.

Then any instrument should be played upon with some discretion, and not pounded, and the keys rattled by such musical tyros as are fond of loud sound without reason or rhythm.

To protect it from moth, a piece of camphor should be shut within it when it is closed, and kept there during any length of non-use of the instrument.

When not in use the lid ought always to be closed, although the keys are rather ornamental than otherwise, and the temptation to leave it open to give the room a home-like air is strong. The home-looking atmosphere ought for the good of the piano to be gotten in other ways.

None but expert tuners ought to touch an instrument to tune it.

Like any other delicate and complicated machine, a piano can be well kept and used, or it can be neglected and ruined. A well-made instrument will wear long and well without losing its tone or power. A poor one can hardly be expected to withstand the wear and tear of use without loss, yet any piano ought to be treated with respect and carefulness.—*Christian at Work.*

OMELETS.

Among the many omelets the most economical are those which gain in bulk from the addition of some ingredient cheaper than eggs; for instance, if a cupful of cold salt fish is on hand, melt together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, gradually stir in a cupful each of milk and water, or use a pint of water, add the cold fish freed from bones, three eggs beaten for a minute, and a high seasoning of salt and pepper; stir the mixture over the fire until the eggs are cooked to the desired degree, and serve them on toast. The delicacy of this dish may be increased with little trouble: separate the eggs, beat the yolks for a moment, and add them to the fish; beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir them lightly with the fish and cook and serve it quickly. With cold boiled rice a favorite Southern omelet can be made: mix a cupful each of rice and milk with the yolks of three eggs, an even teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of white pepper; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, quickly and lightly mix them with the other ingredients, pour the omelet into a hot pan containing a spoonful of butter, and bake it in a hot oven until it is done to the desired degree. A good bread omelet can be made by softening a cupful of the soft part of bread in boiling water, pouring off what the bread does not absorb; to the soaked bread add a cupful of milk, the yolks of three eggs, an even teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper; put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan over the fire; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, lightly stir them with the bread, etc., pour the mixture into the hot pan, and cook it over a moderate fire until the under surface is brown; then fold it together and serve it at once on a hot dish. The drippings from fried salt pork may replace butter for frying all omelets.—*Juliet Corson.*

MOTHER THOUGHTS.

ELLEN F. PRATT.

My ten-year-old lad has gone for a few days to the country with a school-mate who, with his mother, goes to her father's farm and spends the Sabbath every week. How I miss the dear boy, who is my evening companion; who sings, and reads and talks with me when night lets fall her sombre curtain.

I have been thinking of the many thousands of sad mothers who wait and watch, night after night, for their boys who have outgrown parental authority and gone astray with evil companions; who have been led, first to indulge in the harmful cigarette, then the cigar, until this smoking creates a thirst, and the next step leads to the beer saloon; and so on, step by step, so gradually that the poor victims themselves do not realize the danger until they are beyond self-control.

Oh, the cruelty that lies in rum and tobacco! The gray hairs, the grief-lined faces of wives and mothers all over the land, cry out against the monstrous evil.

If mothers could know that the infant sons whom they cradle upon their loving hearts, would one day rend and tear unmercifully those same hearts, would they not pray the kind Father to take them in their innocency? Ah, but how can they know? Their infinite love feels able to shield from every besetting sin, and if her devotion to the child's best interests continue until he is capable of mature judgment, the chances are in his favor; but alas! too often when the boy begins school, and gets rough and hardy, the mother is too careful of her nerves and her carpets, and the boy is allowed to run wild and choose his own playmates; and, when it is too late, the poor mother awakes to the knowledge of her slighted responsibility, and in loneliness and tears bewails the fate of her boy.

I want women to get a voice in law-making, for the sole purpose of vetoing the manufacture of rum and tobacco! Crush out those two evils, and the others will die a natural death, for from them proceed murder, robbery, adultery, and all manner of licentiousness.

The lusts of the flesh will give way to the growth of the spirit, and peace and good will dwell among mankind.—*Union Signal.*

IN THE GUEST-ROOM.

It is not always practicable in every house to keep a room exclusively for the use of guests, but it is a very pleasant thing to have one or more chambers set apart for the accommodation of visitors. And these should be made as comfortable as circumstances will permit.

If possible they should be heated in cold weather, and have such accommodations within themselves, or in reach, as a visitor expects in a first-class hotel, and of course the use of the bath, with plenty of soap and towels, closet and bureau, table and chairs, and such attendance as will make the temporary occupant feel perfectly at home. The rites of hospitality are always recognized as duties toward an invited guest. And an uninvited one should not be wholly ignored in the matter of comfort, although no person can expect to intrude where he may be quite sure he is not altogether welcome, and yet expect the same amount of deference paid to his wishes that he might look for if he were expected and desired as a visitant.

An excess of ornamentation seems quite out of place in a room set apart for the use of company, but there cannot be too much of genuine comfort. The way some ladies have of making the guest-room a sort of hospital for all the disabled bric-a-brac of a crowded house is quite laughable. Any book, or picture, or article of vertu, which seems to have no other place is quietly relegated to the guest-room instead of being packed away in the attic. And the room is often no gainer thereby.

But although there should be enough ornamentation in the visitor's chamber to save it from the bareness of a hotel room, there is much more danger of erring in excess of such accumulations than in getting too little.

There is always room for a quiet, refined taste to expend itself in the guest room. The custom of having paper, envelopes, stamps, pens and ink in the room of a visitor is a good one, together with some freedom and liberty in the use of such materials, as well as of the books and engravings which may be placed there.

Before bedtime the slops should be emptied, fresh water supplied, a pitcher of drinking water with a glass taken to the room, the fire attended to, and the bed made ready for occupancy. All this can be done without disturbing the occupant of the room, and tends to make a person feel more welcome and at home.—*Christian at Work.*

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

Let a woman by all means dress brilliantly on those occasions that render it proper; but if she value her household security she should give equal heed to her customary domestic attire. Many mothers do not realize how much children notice these things. A mother once overheard a conversation between her children on a rainy morning. One said to another, "Oh dear! it is raining now; mamma will wear that faded old wrapper all day long." She listened in astonishment, but being a wise woman she took the lesson home, and when the children returned from school, to their surprise their mother met them in one of her prettiest dresses. The effect was magnetic, and the mother resolved never again to wear "the faded old wrapper."

The mother should be the constant companion of her children. For their sakes she should keep up in her studies, her reading and her social duties. If there is any sad sight in this world, it is that of a mother toiling like a slave in the kitchen that her daughters may be idle ladies, and her sons useless gentlemen. The result is that they grow up ashamed of their mother and ungrateful for all her devotion, and she has only herself to blame for not asserting her true place and using the influence given to her. It is really pitiful to see a good, conscientious mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls at sixteen regard mother chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not one to whom they care to go for social companionship.—*Church Work.*

JESSICA'S SECRET.

Jessica is the brightest tempered woman I know. "Why is it," I asked her the other day, "that one never finds you sulky, or cross, or complaining? What charm have you against the petty ills of life, the small vexations, crosses, disappointments, losses, that of course must lie along your path as well as mine?" I had spoken lightly, but the question brought to my friend's face a tender solemnity, and her words ran in a deeper channel than mine.

"To answer your question," she said, softly, "I must take you into the sanctuary, where one's life is 'hid with Christ in God.' It is true that my trials come to me with the sting drawn; and it is because I have learned to look upon them as a means of grace. If it be a petty trouble, a disobedient servant, a careless accident, a sour loaf, a rainy day, I say to myself, 'Be thankful that you have some discomforts; lift up your eyes, and be reminded that this is not your true home, your eternal rest. Without these pin-pricks, you would be all too likely to forget your pilgrimage state.'

"If it be a heavier cross—if I am called to meet coldness, indifference, neglect, from those I love, the heart aches, but I say to myself, 'Ah, Jessica, if these fulfilled every wish, if your loved ones all satisfy your heart's desire, what room would be left for the Friend of friends? Lift up your heart, and rejoice that his love is changeless, free, and knows no end.' And so, before the trial has a chance to spear me, I have laid hold of its weapon, and turned it against some besetting sin of worldliness, pride, selfishness, vain glory."

This secret of a happy life was not told with glib ease; the hesitating speech, the flushed brow, the averted eyes, told plainly that my friend would willingly have kept the curtain down. But I thanked God for the generous frankness which made me a sharer in its blessings.—*Congregationalist.*

PUZZLES.

1.

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.

My first is in trip, but not in fall;
My second in little, but not in small;
My third is in garden, but not in plot;
My fourth is in careless, but not in blot;
My fifth is in recess, but not in play;
My whole is called a beast of prey.

2.

OMITTED WORDS.

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike, but spelled differently.

1. You —— to be a long time in finishing that ——.
2. A mist like a —— hangs over the ——.
3. I should like to —— the —— on a wintry day.

"CHESTNUT."

3.

A gentleman once visited a prisoner and some one inquired if they were related. The visitor answered, "Brother and sister have I none, yet this man's father is my father's son." What relation was the visitor to the prisoner?

CONUNDRUMS.

If a rose is sold for ten cents, why should a sunflower be sold for nine? Because it is a scentless (cent less) flower.

When is a young lady's temper like the gown she wears? When it's ruffled.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

Marrowfat.

2.

1. Ask, task.
2. Lad, clad.
3. Ant, want.
4. Arm, warm.

3.

First the goose, then the corn, bringing back the goose, then the fox, lastly the goose.

The Family Circle.

THE SALOON-KEEPER'S VISION.

I have had a fearful vision,
And it haunts my memory yet:
Doleful shapes in wild collision,
Sounds I never can forget.

I within my home was seated
At the twilight hour of day—
In my home, where luxuries greeted
Every sense in fair array.

Pleased, I looked on my surrounding
With a glance of kindling pride,
On the comforts so abounding
By my daily gains supplied.

On a sudden, through the doorway,
Lo! a weird procession came:
Struggling forms as on a foray,
Every age and every name.

Onward came they—oh! their number,
Filing through that pleasant room,
From mine eyelids driving slumber,
Shading everything with gloom.

Staggering gait and bloated features,
Leering glances there were seen;
Ragged, dirty, loathsome creatures,
Wrecks of what they might have been.

Stolid faces, or impassioned,
Fierce with fighting and disputes,
Man, so near the angels fashioned, *
Sunken lower than the brutes.

Wives and mothers broken-hearted,
Weeping infants, pale and wan,
Women from all shame departed,
Children with sweet childhood gone.

With delirium's frenzied aspects
All the ills intemperance brings,
Like a swarm of noxious insects
Stinging me with countless stings.

Circling round me, nearer, nearer,
Came that hideous, serried band,
Filling all my frame with terror,
Powerless still to move a hand.

With their finger toward me pointed,
Fixed on me their bloodshot stare,
Cursed they me thus: "Thou hast done it;
Thou hast made us what we are!"

Then my child, my loved Alicia,
Took her harp and struck a chord,
But the sounds which thence made issue
Smote my spirit like a sword.

Cries of anger, shrieks of madness,
Wailing tones of pain and woe,
Language foul, and groans of sadness,
Mingled with the music's flow.

Softly sang she in sweet measures
With a voice unknown to crime;
Song of happy homes and pleasures,
And of deeds of olden time.

Yet alike o'er song and sonnet
Ever rose that sad refrain,
"Thou hast done it, thou hast done it;
Thou hast caused us all this pain."

Conscience, with a voice accusing,
Laid these evils at my door,
While Remorse, new tortures using,
Wounded my heart's inmost core.

Then Unconsciousness, relieving,
Kindly to my succor came,
But I woke again to grieving;
Would to God 'twere but a dream!

* Ps. viii. 5: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels."

—*National Temperance Advocate.*

"REMARKABLE" ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

The deacon had been reading aloud an article on "Remarkable Answers to Prayer," and now he paused, laid the book carefully on his knee, and took out his big bandanna to polish the spectacles that had somehow become blurred before he finished that last narration.

"I declare, Hitty, it does seem like getting back to the days of miracles to read of such wonderful answers to prayer coming to folks."

"Yes," said Aunt Hitty slowly, "but I was thinking, after all, it wasn't the answers that were remarkable so much as the prayers."

"Well, I don't know; most of the prayers aint specified, but them that be 'pear just simple, plain sort of askin'."

"That's just it, Daniel; plain asking has gone out of fashion, and that's the main reason why it seems so remarkable to us when people ask for anything and get it. Why, the Lord Jesus himself set us the example of comparing our heavenly Father to ourselves, and trying to find out how we would act toward our children if we were in his place—only he warned us to make allowance for our being evil; I suppose that means cross, and selfish, and unreasonable, as we all are sometimes. Now, I leave it to you, Daniel, to say what you'd think if you read such things as this in the paper:

"'*Remarkable Instance of a Father's Generosity.*—Judge Whitaker yesterday received a letter from his daughter, informing him that she and her family were in great distress owing to the recent floods in Missouri, and asking for money to relieve their immediate wants. The father sent the money at once, with assurances of his love. This remarkable case is attested by credible witnesses.'

"Or, how would this sound:

Remarkable Response to a Son's Appeal.—The young son of Senator Dart having been taken ill on the continent, and being entirely out of funds and among strangers, drew upon his father by telegraph, as he had been previously instructed to do in case of any emergency. Wonderful as it may seem, his father honored the draft at once to its full amount.'"

The deacon chuckled a little in a protesting fashion, as if afraid to fully commit himself to a laugh, lest it might not be quite compatible with proper reverence.

"Well, well, Hitty, that does sound sort of ridiculous, but I don't know as we can expect to bring spiritual things down to a level with business transactions. You see, it makes a difference that we none of us have a claim on the Lord; it's all free grace on his part, whether he gives us anything; we don't deserve the least of all his mercies."

"Doesn't seem to me, Daniel, it's a question of deserving; it's a question of what the Lord has promised, and whether he's going to keep his word. There are the promises, and I don't see how they could be any broader or any more positive. Why, just let me read you some."

Aunt Hitty took up the Bible, that opened of its own accord to John, and read:—

"'If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.' 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, he will give it you.' 'Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'"

"But, Hitty, the Lord was speaking of spiritual blessings then—"

"I don't feel at all sure of that, father. I reckon the Lord knew they were going to be about as poor as men could be, and he put their souls and bodies both into one promise. And He surely was talking about clothes and daily bread when He told them not even to have an anxious thought about such matters; to be satisfied that your Father knoweth that you have such needs ought to satisfy you that he will supply them. And isn't that what Paul says? 'Be careful for nothing, but in everything, —everything, you hear, Daniel—'with prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God.'"

The deacon nodded, but appeared a trifle annoyed; his wife seemed to be assuming either that he was an unbeliever, or ignorant of the promises.

"Yes, yes, it's all there; I know 'em by heart, and dozens more."

"Well, then, if we know 'em, and if we believe the Lord really meant 'em, doesn't it sound sort o' dishonoring for us to talk about its being a remarkable thing for him to keep his word? Looks as if we hadn't really expected Him to."

"Does so, Hitty. I suppose if you come right down to taking the bare promises, the way children do, there couldn't be such a thing as a remarkable answer to prayer; we should know that all our prayers were answered. There is that case of the man that got money in a letter from England the very day he went to the Lord in such distress about his note coming due. That's pretty much like young Willis Dart drawing on his father. Of course, when he'd told him to draw, he'd take care there was something to meet the draft; and the Lord not only told his child to draw on him, but he knew just when he was going to do it, so he had plenty of time to get the money over. The thing that kind of stumbles me is to know how far we ought to leave things to the Lord."

"Seems to me that's pretty clear, Daniel. I always think the Bible doctrine is:—'Do your best, but don't worry. Your Father will either direct and bless your effort, or he will find some better way and bring about everything that is best for you.' So it leaves us to do all we can, with all the wisdom we have, without any worry or anxiety about the way things are coming out. We can ask to have our judgment enlightened and our effort directed, and expect it will be so. When we come to the end of our wisdom, we can ask for more with perfect confidence, and when we actually come to the place where we can not take another step forward, we can stand still and see the salvation of God. That's about the way it looks to me."

"That's according to Scripter, Hitty. It's working out your own salvation by means of God working in you to will and to do. That's a very instructive book, though, and after all, 'tis remarkable that the Lord should ever have said:—'Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.'"

"'Behold,'" said Aunt Hitty, softly, "'what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.' 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall He not with him also freely give us all things?'"—*Seaman's Friend.*

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

It was a lovely morning in May, and the cheerful little farm-house was all astir with life and happiness. All the family had been in their accustomed places in the village church the day before, for the parents were devout Christians, and their pastor had discoursed to them of Samuel, the great gift of God to his mother, and to the nation of Israel, at a time when a mighty prophet was needed for the temporal as well as the spiritual good of the people. Edward, the second boy of the family, was particularly thoughtful this Monday morning, and though he seemed to share with his brothers and sisters in their buoyant spirits, still his mind ever reverted to Samuel and the way the Lord had led him to prominence and usefulness in the nation. The usual morning exercises were past, family worship crowning all, when Edward sought the privacy of the summer-house in the garden for his accustomed morning prayer. As he prayed, Samuel the prophet of God came to his mind, and he was startled by his own voice when he said: "Here am I, for thou didst call me. Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Then followed his self-consecration to God, with a vow to spend his life in God's service, "If thou wilt open up a way for me." He was sometimes greatly alarmed at the vow he had made, and the high office to which he aspired, for he knew how impossible it would be for his father, though perfectly willing, to give him the necessary education to fit him for the efficient service of God. In moments of despondency, however, over the uncertain future, Edward could always, with the faith of his pious mother, draw encouragement from the thought that he had asked his Father in heaven to open up the way.

The summer months passed happily while the boys worked on their father's small farm, or went to school, or swam in the slow, deep river which wound through the meadows that stretched out beyond their father's fields. They had all learned the art of swimming; but Edward could swim a little faster and a little further than the rest, and sometimes when the others were out of the water and dressed he would take another swim and a final dive, and then scamper away home with his brothers.

It frequently happens that even good and thoughtful boys overdo their sports, and so also did Edward, for too much swimming brought a severe pain which began to trouble him in his hip joint. Then it grew worse and worse till he was confined to the house, and next to his weary couch. As months passed on and there were no signs of recovery, his faith was thoroughly tried, and in moments of sad reflection he might have been heard to say, "Here am I, for thou didst call me, but not to the work for which I hoped."

This young servant of God had not yet learned from experience that God's ways are not as our ways, nor his paths that lead to the ripening of his purposes, such as we would choose. Hence to his mind there was an apparent impossibility in reaching the desired end by the way he was going.

At length the disease was brought under control and recovery was hopeful, but the physicians feared that Edward might be lame for life; a fear which had already caused much agony to the sensitive mind of the boy himself, for he looked upon the affliction as an absolute certainty.

There was no more work on the farm for Edward, and so he went limping to the village school, where his studious habits and quick intellect soon gained him the high favor of his teacher and the ready deference of his schoolmates. Soon the cloud of darkness began to pass away from his faith; he was becoming accustomed to his lameness, and he thought he could see God's way to compel him to acquire a necessary education. His prospects brightened much when, after two or three years, under the wise guidance of his teacher he was qualified himself to teach, and he redoubled his energies to accomplish this object. During all this time Edward had a personal weakness which distressed him very much. His temper was quick, and his long sickness had tended to make him more irritable at times, so that it required all the resolution he could command and all the grace bestowed upon him to control this weakness. But he succeeded so well, even when most sorely tried, that only those most intimately acquainted with the boy could detect the pressure under which he restrained himself from giving way to his besetting sin.

It was a proud day to Edward when he made his way home from the school in which he had become the youthful teacher, with his first three months' salary in his pocket. "This is the way," he said to himself. "I must not lose my opportunity." And now a high ambition gained strength, and, to make sure of its realization, his hours of leisure were employed in classical studies. His older brother now began to catch the inspiration, and he too gave himself to study and to God. Year after year passed and no one knew the difficulties which Edward bravely overcame in acquiring a college education; keeping up with his classes, earning money by teaching to pay for his education and his support, keeping the fire burning in the heart of his elder brother, who was nobly following in his footsteps. Better times, however, were in store for the earnest student. After years of toil he and his brother were licensed to preach the gospel. They were soon called to important churches, and now Edward's life-work began in true earnest. He was a scholar, an orator, and an able preacher of the gospel. His people were delighted with his eloquence, and the denomination to which he belonged heaped honors upon him. He was called to fill a professor's chair and then became president of the college. Next he was chosen to help make laws for the nation, and he became the leader of the people in some great social and national reforms. At the same time he stimulated his two remaining brothers to seek the gospel ministry. The one left business and the other his father's farm, devoting themselves to study till they too became able preachers of the Word of God. In the meantime two sisters married two young clergymen, school companions of their brother, and so the whole family through the consecration and affliction of one of its circle, was raised to prominence and great usefulness.

This true history, which looks like romance, is here told to encourage the boy or the youth who may have a spark of noble ambition in his soul, to commit his way to God and go forward without doubt or fear. What has been done, still others may accomplish by lawful means, by self-consecration to God, by earnest prayer, and by perseverance in and devotion to a good purpose. In this way may the young not only gain a blessing to themselves, but by their stronger will and nobler character draw others after them to prominence, usefulness, and heaven.—*N. Y. Observer.*

WRITE it on every bond you accumulate, on every profit you acquire—"That I may have to give to him that needeth." Write it on your daily earnings and on your weekly pay—"That I may have to give to him that needeth." Write it on your investments and on your income, the great amount or the little amount—"That I may have to give to him that needeth." Write it on your safes and on your ledgers, on your workman's tools, on your seamstress's spools and needle-case—"That I may have to give to him that needeth." Here is the end of toil and labor. —*The Rev. A. J. Gordon.*

THE TWO MISSIONARY-BOXES.

A little boy, whom we will call Harry, at the close of a missionary meeting, asked for a box, promising to do his best to get it filled. He ran home joyfully with his new treasure under his arm. He was too full of the thought of all he would do to fill his box, to notice a tiny girl who was putting a penny into the big missionary-box at the door. Her sister stood behind her to keep her from falling as she stood on tiptoe; and afterward the sister slipped sixpence into the box. The little girls' hearts had been touched by the stories of heathen children, and their money was given cheerfully and prayerfully, and for Christ's sake.

It was different with Harry. He only wanted to make a show. When he reached home he talked much of all he would do to fill his box, and how fine it would be to see it opened at the end of the year. He put it in his own little room, where he might see it the first thing on the morrow; but, I am sorry to say, he did not ask God's blessing on his new undertaking, and you know we can do nothing good, without God's help and blessing.

Next day was Harry's birthday, and at breakfast he was surprised when the servant said: "Master Harry, here is a letter for you!" It was his first letter; and how pleased he was to find it contained five shillings, with his aunt's best love and wishes for a happy birthday. What should he do with it? that was the question. He would buy a fishing-rod. "O," he thought, "how Ned Langley will envy me when he sees I have got a better rod than his that I coveted so!" Just then the school-bell rang, and Harry ran up to his room to brush his hair and get his school-bag, and the moment he went in his eyes rested on his nice new box. It seemed to ask him to spare a trifle. What a struggle then! Whatever should he do? He would think about it. After school, he met Ned Langley with his new rod in hand, going in high glee to the river to catch trout. Harry hurried on before Ned and his admiring companions, got to the shop at the corner, laid down his five shillings, grasped the new prize hastily, and met the boys before they reached the river.

All the boys but Ned wished him joy, but Ned felt he was outdone, and he looked glum. The afternoon turned out rainy; and for some days it rained so much that fishing could not be thought of; and then, when the first hasty excitement was over, Harry wished his five shillings were in his pocket again. He had not perseverance enough to carry out any of his schemes for collecting money, and was not generous enough to give his own pocket-money; and then, vexed with his empty box, he put it in a cupboard out of sight. One evening while Harry was preparing his lessons, his sister came into his room, and said: "O, Harry, what do you think? On Thursday evening Mr. G—— is to speak to us again, and he is to see the boxes opened. There is to be a tea and a magic lantern, and tokens are to be given to the Juvenile Association." Poor Harry! how sad he felt: he had lost his opportunity to do good to the heathen, to honor the Lord, and to enjoy an evening with those who had denied themselves for Christ's sake.

Now I will tell you about another missionary-box. Some years ago a missionary gave an address to the children of a large Sunday-school. At the end of the meeting a little boy, quite alone, went up to the platform and asked for a box. He came home flushed with excitement, showed it to his mother, and asked her for his first penny, then father, then sissy—threepence to begin with that night. In a few days a gentleman wanted to send to the post-office in a hurry, and he said: "Ben, here is a penny for you. Now, run like a good boy and put this letter into the office in time for post." This was his own first earned penny. He put it into his box, and he earned other pennies, and asked friends to help his box; and what do you think was his first year's collection? Guess. £6. 9s. 11d, or 1,559 pennies. This little boy afterward became junior clerk in a bank. His first quarterly salary was £10, paid him in gold. His dear mother was just recovering from an illness at the time. Ben ran up to her bedside, and put his £10 into her hand with a loving kiss. "There, mother," he said, "now you can get what you want to make you strong. But give me back one sovereign, I want to give it to the Missionary Society as a thank-offering for your recovery, and for my being able to help you." So Ben obeyed the command: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase" (Prov. iii. 9). I think my readers would rather have owned No. 2 box than No. 1.—*Early Days.*

THE TWO MISSIONARY-BOXES.

WHY NOT SOONER!

"Teacher."

It was Tsigonalah's faint sweet voice from the bed. I had thought her sleeping in the interval of fever, and standing by the low-burning wood fire, I was asking myself, Does she know enough of her need of a Saviour and enough of Christ's purchased salvation to accept it? She was twelve years old, but she had heard of Jesus only in the English language, which she understood but imperfectly, and I was tongue-tied as to speaking the musical Indian dialect in which she did all her thinking. Would she die and go into that far-off country not understanding what had been done for her, how He loved her and wanted her love? Could I do anything more to teach her the way?

"Teacher."

And as I turned to the bed the beautiful brown eyes met mine with such a questioning gaze.

"Teacher, what for Jesus Christ come?"

Never before in five years of mission work had any one asked me that question. O, could I make it plain to her?

"Because God could not forgive our bad ways, the wicked things we had done, unless some one would take the punishment in our place. Jesus loved us so much that he came and died for us. If we will give ourselves to Him He will take and love us, O, so much; and when God says, 'Where are Tsigonalah's bad ways?' Jesus will say, 'I have put them all away. I have covered them with my blood. You cannot see them in your book any more, for Tsigonalah is mine, and I have covered all the bad and naughty things Tsigonalah ever did with the blood I shed on Calvary.' And more; if you belong to Him when you die, Jesus will take you to that beautiful place you were reading to me of in your Bible last Sabbath. You will live with Him always. You will never go away out of heaven again."

There was a long silence, then came the question.

"What that mean they sing, 'Every fear and pain gone by?'"

"It means that those whom Jesus takes to heaven, are never again afraid of anything, and they are never sick any more."

"I go to heaven, I never sick again?"

"Never."

"I never have ague again?"

"Never."

"My head never ache again?"

"No, Tsigonalah, how can it? Did not you read to me, 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain?'"

"And I never cry again?" with a curious choking in a tired voice, for in Tsig's short life there had come abundant reasons for tears.

"Never. When God has once wiped the tears away they can never come again."

"Teacher."

Then there came a long pause, so long I thought the tired brain could think no longer, and sleep had closed the brown eyes. Suddenly the fever-flushed face was raised from the pillow, and there came the question:

"Miss Dane, how long you know it?"

"Know what?"

"Know this good thing—that Jesus love us so?"

"When I was a little child they told me."

"Who tell you?"

"My mother."

"Who tell her?"

"I suppose her mother did."

"All white mans he knows it?"

"Yes, all white men know."

"How long white mans he knows?"

"Many hundred years, I think."

"Hundred years he know? What for why he not come tell my people sooner? I get well, I just run tell my people Jesus so good."

Then, after a long time of quiet thought, the soft voice added: "I love Him so."

Far on into the night I saw the shining of happy tears in Tsig's beautiful eyes, for she had found Him whom to know is eternal life.

Five years after one wrote me from my old mission home: "Tsigonalah united with the church last year. She *is living as* a Christian woman should."—*P. H. Missionary.*

THE DUAL BASIS.

I have constantly seen hinderance thrown in the way of this movement by there being a dual basis. It is only a few years ago I was taking part in a great meeting at Sheffifield, in the north of England. One of the secretaries came up to me and said: "I have had a very curious thing happen to me. A woman came to me and asked, 'Is there not a great temperance meeting here to-night?' I said 'Yes.' 'Is it not,' she asked, 'upon the basis of the Church of England Temperance Society?' I replied, 'It is.' 'I do hope and trust,' said she, 'my husband will know nothing about it.' I inquired, 'Why?' She replied, 'If he goes there and hears one of your temperance reformers tell him that he can belong to a temperance society and still partake of a little alcohol the happiness of my home, which has been assured for two years, will be wrecked again, for it will give him the opportunity of stepping over the brink of safety.'" The only place of safety for a man who has been a drunkard is uncompromising total abstinence. If he departs from that he will soon step into a drunkard's grave. Again and again we have instances of that kind. So far as I am concerned I do not wish to work along that line. It is Saul's armor to me; it does not fit me; but if it fits others I am perfectly content that they should wear it. I find that the giant is better slain by the sling of total abstinence which sinks into his forehead and lays him prone upon the ground. (Applause.) A canon of the Church of England said at a meeting in Exeter Hall that he had been a determined believer in fighting the drink upon what was called the moderation principle. He thought he would be doing God's work by taking that line, and the question that came to him one day was this: Whether he had ever been instrumental in calling back a single drunkard? He said he was obliged to give answer that he had not brought back a single one. Although he was eighty years of age, he signed the total abstinence pledge in spite of what the doctors had said. He felt it his duty to come out uncompromisingly in Exeter Hall four years later, and he gave his testimony to the effect that since he had signed he could point to houses where darkness and misery had reigned, and where there were brightness and happiness now. He had to deal with men who were not able to follow argument, but who could feel the power of an examp e. Therefore, I do believe that the very best standard from which to work this movement is the standard of uncompromising total abstinence.—*Canon Wilberforce.*

AND SURE I AM that it is better to be sick, providing Christ comes to the bedside, and draws by the curtains, and says, "Courage! I am thy salvation," than to be lusty and strong, and never be visited by Christ.—*Rutherford.*

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER II.—CROWNED AND WEDDED.

Another year had passed away. The eighteenth birthday, the coming of age of the Princess Victoria was near. Arrangements had been made to celebrate it with great rejoicings, but the rapidly-failing health of the king cast a shadow over the festivities.

At seven o'clock in the morning an eager crowd assembled under Princess Victoria's windows, for the serenade which was sung in honor of her birthday. All day long the bells rang merry peals; visitors flocked to the palace with congratulations; and rejoicings were general throughout the land.

The morning of the 20th of June saw a strangely different sight underneath those palace windows. Four grave and wearied gentlemen—the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, the King's Master of the Horse, and the King's physician—stood there awaiting admission. All night they had watched beside the dying bed in Windsor Castle, where lay the king, his pale hand resting upon the shoulder of his faithful Queen, who, bowed down with sorrow, still watched beside him, until in the

"dark summer dawn,
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds"

fell on the dying ears; and then the failing breath ceased, and the earthly life had ended.

As fast as horses could carry them, the bearers of the message "The King is dead—Long live the Queen," had sped through the ever brightening dawn, and reached Kensington in the broad blaze of a June sunrise at five o'clock in the morning.

Without the old palace no sound was heard save the chorus of song-birds in the gardens, whilst within the dwelling the inmates were wrapped in slumber so profound, it might have been the enchanted palace of the sleeping beauty. They knocked, and rang again and again at the porter's gate before they could arouse him, and gain admission into the court-yard. There they had again to wait, and even when they were admitted by a sleepy servant, it was only to be shown into a lower room to wait; and their arrival was to all appearance forgotten. At last they rang, and the attendant through whom they had requested an audience with Princess Victoria, returned to say that Her Royal Highness was in such a sweet sleep, that she could not venture to disturb her. It was the last sleep of her light-hearted girlhood. Thenceforward, the cares of a mighty nation must needs be borne by the tender young creature who, as yet, had never left her mother's side. How scarcely possible it seemed! But,

"So nigh is glory unto dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

The tidings brought by these messengers would brook of no delay, "We are come on business of state to the Queen," they said, "and even her sleep must give way to that."

In a few minutes after receiving the summons, the young Queen stood before them with tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

It is told that her first request was to the archbishop—"I ask your prayers." And thus her reign began by seeking counsel from Him by whom kings reign, "for a wise and understanding heart to rule this so great people."

"Mighty the task, and glorious the fulfilling,
Duties that round thy future hours must be,
The East and West depend upon thy willing,
Mistress art thou wherever rolls the sea.

"Glorious and happy be thy coming hours,
Young Daughter of Old England's Royal line!
As in an Angel's pathway spring up flowers,
So may a Nation's blessing spring in thine."

Queen Adelaide had sent, by the messengers, a letter to her royal niece, telling of her loss and her sorrow, and asking permission to remain at Windsor until after the funeral. At once the young Queen wrote a reply full of tender sympathy, begging her aunt to "consult nothing but her own health and convenience," and "to stay at Windsor just as long as she pleased." It was addressed to her to "The Queen of England," and on one of the attendants venturing to suggest, "Your Majesty, you are the Queen of England," the thoughtful reply was, "Yes; but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of the fact first by me."

Soon after the departure of the messengers, the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, arrived, and after a brief interview, returned to issue summonses for a Privy Council to be held at Kensington Palace two hours later.

Once more the Duchess of Kent and her royal daughter were together again as of old, but from this day and thenceforward the mother's guardianship of necessity had an end, when the daughter's reign began.

At eleven o'clock the royal dukes and the great officers of the state, and of the household arrived. After the proclamation, ending with the prayer, "beseeching God, by whom kings do reign, to bless the royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to reign over us. God save the Queen!" had been read, the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered. Her royal uncles advanced to meet her; she bowed to the lords, and taking her seat in the arm-chair that served for a throne, read her first speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. The closing sentences ran thus: "Educated in England under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learnt from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the reformed religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote, to the utmost of my power, the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

THE QUEEN AT A REVIEW.

The Queen signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, and the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first. As the old men knelt before her to take the oath of allegiance, and to kiss her hand, her color rose, and with gentle grace she kissed them both, saying to the Duke of Sussex, the eldest, "Do not kneel, my uncle, for I am still Victoria, your niece."

Never was anything like the impression she produced; every voice spoke her praises. A stream of royal visitors thronged the palace, until night brought its welcome quiet to the Duchess and her royal daughter.

The next morning, the longest day in the year, fit foreshadowing of the reign that was to be the longest of any Queen of England, was to witness the public proclamation of the new reign begun.

By ten o'clock in the morning the royal party had arrived at St. James Palace. The quadrangle in front, and even the parapets around, were filled with spectators. Garter-king-at-arms, surrounded by heralds, sergeants, trumpeters, and others, in their robes of office, formed a gorgeous group. But all eyes were turned to the window, where the royal maiden, dressed in deep mourning, was standing with her mother, and other members of the royal family. The proclamation announcing the death of William the Fourth, and the accession of Queen Victoria, ending with the promise to yield to her "all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection," was read aloud by Garter-king-at-arms, amidst an almost breathless silence. But hardly had the last word died away before the band struck up the national anthem; at a given signal the park and the Tower guns were fired; the courtyard was filled with loyal acclamations; and the thousands who thronged the adjoining park and streets echoed and re-echoed the deafening cheers.

The young Queen's calmness was overcome for the moment, and with the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin"—endearing her inexpressibly to the hearts of her people—she turned from the brilliant assembly and the shouting crowd, and leaning against her mother, wept quiet tears within those sheltering arms.

"O Maiden, heir of Kings,
A King has left his place,
The majesty of Death has swept
All other from his face.
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best.
The Maiden wept;
She wept to wear a crown.

"God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more Divine,
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine.
That when the throne of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced Hand may give to thee
The crown which Angels shout to see,
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown.

Within a month of these grand ceremonials, on a bright July morning, the Queen left her childhood's home at Kensington Palace, and, with her royal mother, took up her abode in Buckingham Palace. Great was the sorrow at Kensington, where they had made themselves most justly beloved. Into one humble home there, and into the sick-room of the daughter—a young girl—a ray of hope was sent to light up the dark cloud of the parting. The old soldier, Stillman by name, already alluded to as a favorite of the little Princess Victoria, had been placed by the Duke of Kent in a cottage in one of the lanes then to be found near Kensington Palace, and, together with his wife and two sickly children, had been commended by the Duke in his dying illness to the Duchess's care. Within a few years the father and the little boy died, but the girl lived on, a patient sufferer, and she and her mother were constantly visited and kindly cared for by the Duchess and her young daughter. What sorrow must have been felt in that cottage when the news reached it of the great event, and how the poor girl's heart must have sunk within her at the thought of the separation from the young Princess, whose visits had been the this sunshine of the shady life. But, even in supreme crisis, the heart of our Queen was—

"At leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize."

A messenger arrived from Buckingham Palace bringing for the sufferer a copy of the Book of Psalms, with dates written on the margin to mark the days on which the Queen read the different Psalms; and within, a little marker worked by herself; and, dearest of all, this message, that the little gift was sent just then to show her "that though now, as Queen of England, she had to leave Kensington, yet she did not, and would not, forget her."

On July 17th the Queen went in state to close Parliament. Then, for the first time, the silvery clearness and sweetness of her voice was heard, audible even in its most delicate modulations, throughout that great assembly. One who was present, and well qualified to judge, thus describes this first speech, and the appearance of our Queen. "The serene, serious sweetness of her candid brow and clear, soft eyes gave dignity to the girlish countenance. . . . The Queen's voice was exquisite, the enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

In September Her Majesty went to Windsor Castle; and held a review, riding in front of the troops, who received her with enthusiasm. In November she paid her first visit to the city of London, when the church bells were rung, the houses were decorated, and the people cheered her all along the route. At the Guildhall Queen Victoria was received with magnificent hospitality, but it was noticed that, declining sumptuous dainties and rare wines, the young Queen chose the simplest of the fare, and drank iced water only.

(To be continued.)

"WHY DON'T YOU SAY 'AMEN'?"

A few years ago, as Charles G. Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer.

One day a gentleman appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his "refuge of lies." Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him, pointing out to him the way of life clearly, and his only hope of salvation. The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus, that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus.

"Then let us go upon our knees and tell God of that," said Mr. Finney. So both knelt, and Mr. Finney prayed:

"O Lord, this man declares that he is prepared to take Thee as his God, and cast himself upon Thy care, now and forever."

The man responded, "Amen!"

Mr. Finney continued; "O Lord, this man vows that he is ready to give his wife, family, and all their interests up to Thee."

Another hearty "Amen!" from the man.

He went on: "O Lord, he says that he is also willing to give Thee his business, whatever it may be, and conduct it for Thy glory!"

The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked:

"Why don't you say 'Amen' to this?"

"Because the Lord will not take my business, sir; I am in the spirit trade," he replied.

The traffic could not withstand such a test as that. The Lord will not take such a business under His care.—*The Pacific.*

"DO YOU THINK it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?" a religiously-inclined youth inquired of his pastor. "Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in my youth myself and I have found it of great value during my life." "Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system, or Sullivan's system?" "Neither. I learned Solomon's system," replied the minister. "Solomon's system?" "Yes. You will find it laid down in the first verse of the 15th chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defence of which I have any knowledge."

A BRIGHT little girl in the Presbyterian Sunday-school, upon being asked what sort of a spirit that of the Pharisee was, replied; "It was doing a good thing, and then feeling big over it."

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER II.—*(Continued).*

The life of a true sovereign does not consist of a series of splendid pageants, nor is it an idle holiday. Her majesty at once applied herself to the mighty task before her. The Queen rose at eight o'clock, spent but a short time in dressing, and was occupied until breakfast, at a quarter to ten o'clock, in signing dispatches, and other business. At twelve she held consultations with her ministers, and carrying out her determination thoroughly to master all her manifold duties, her Majesty carefully read through every document presented to her before she would affix her signature.

The coronation was not to take place until June 28th in the following year. Preparations were begun in the spring, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. When the day drew near, the excitement in London was extreme. Foreigners from all parts of Europe were arriving to be present at the imposing ceremony. Along the line through which the procession was to pass, the din of the workman's hammer resounded by night and by day.

The nation's rejoicing was deep and true, for the youth and innocence, the kindness of nature, the dignity of character, and the sound English sense already shown by the young Sovereign, had made her the very Queen of their hearts.

Thundering of artillery greeted the dawn of the coronation day, and awoke thousands of expectant subjects, eager to show their loyalty, and to see their Queen.

The splendid procession left Buckingham Palace at ten o'clock in the morning, passing under the royal standard to the music of the National Anthem and a salute of guns.

Trumpeters and Life Guards led the way. Foreign ambassadors with magnificent escorts followed. Great foes, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult, became noble friends that day, and the crowd, with generous feeling, cheered long and loudly the great Frenchman who had come to do honor to their Queen. The members of the royal family came next, the Duchess of Kent first among them, followed by the household brigade, the royal watermen, huntsmen, equerries, and others, a gallant show in their glittering uniforms and official dresses; and then came, in the state coach drawn by eight cream-colored horses, Victoria, the Pearl of England, the centre and star of all.

Meanwhile, Westminster Abbey was filled with an expectant crowd of lords and ladies, knights and judges, members of Parliament, naval and military officers, bishops and clergy, and many others, representatives of all classes.

The sombre tones of the venerable building brought out in fine relief the rich coloring of the dresses, and the sparkling jewels of the waiting throng.

At noon the royal procession, led by the Dean of Westminster, the archbishops, and the great officers of the state, the Duchess of Kent, and other members of the royal family, the princesses in purple velvet robes, and wearing gold circlets on their heads, entered the choir. High officials carried the Bible, the regalia, the swords of state, the sceptres, and other insignia of church and state, before the Queen who now appeared in her coronation robe of crimson velvet, bordered with gold lace and ermine, and on her head a simple circlet of gold.

The vast congregation sprang to their feet as Her Majesty entered, with a burst of irrepressible applause, quickly lost in the music of the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

The Queen knelt in prayer, and the ceremony began with "the Recognition," in which the Archbishop presented her Majesty to her people, saying, "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria the undoubted Queen of this realm, wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" Whilst guided by the Archbishop, the young Queen turned gracefully to the north, south, east, and west, the responsive "God save Queen Victoria!" rang through the shadowy aisles, and was re-echoed back from the lofty roof.

The Litany and the Communion Service were followed by the Bishop of London's sermon from 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31: "And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His testimonies, and His statues with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform all the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

The sermon ended, the Queen having answered "Yes" to the questions whether she would maintain the law, and the established religion, she placed her right hand on the gospels in the Bible, and said, kneeling, "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep, so help me God." Then she kissed the book and signed the oath. The Queen knelt on, the choir sang "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," and the ceremony of "the anointing" followed, with the blessing, "Be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

After some further ceremonies and prayer by the Archbishop—the Dean, removing the crown from the communion table, gave it to the Archbishop, who placed it reverently on the young Queen's head; and at the same moment, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the flashing diamonds making rainbow colors in the blaze of June sunshine, whilst amid the sounding of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the firing of guns heard in the distance, there arose from thousands of voices the shout of "God save the Queen!" and the sacred building rang again with loyal cheers, which in their turn gave way to the voice of the Archbishop pronouncing the benediction, and the chanting of the Te Deum.

"And when, betwixt the quick and dead, the young fair Queen had vowed,
The living shouted, "May she live! Victoria live!" aloud.
And as these loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between,
"The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O crowned Queen."

Her Majesty was then enthroned, and received the fealty of her distinguished subjects, stepping forward to hold out her hand to one aged peer who had stumbled in ascending the steps of the throne.

Then the Queen laid aside her crown to receive the holy communion, after which she resumed it, and, with the sceptres in her hands, returned to the throne, whilst the anthem, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," brought the grand service to a conclusion.

Once more the royal procession passed down the nave, and, leaving the Abbey by the west door, returned to Buckingham Palace amidst the acclamations of the crowd. A bark of joy was the first sound that greeted Her Majesty, and, unmindful of her royal state, with girlish warmth she returned the caresses of her favorite little dog Dash.

At night London was illuminated; and from the roof of Buckingham Palace the Queen saw the great display of fireworks. For a week the festivities were kept up in London, and from Land's End to John o' Groat's house there were signs of festival; garlands of June flowers in village streets by day, and bonfires reddening the skies by night.

Another year of our Queen's reign went by, and she had passed her twentieth birthday. On her accession, her cousin, Prince Albert, had written: "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you, and strengthen you with its strength, in the high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious; and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects."

The royal cousins had not met since the visit to Kensington Palace, until on the 10th of October, 1839, the Princes Ernest and Albert, of Saxe-Coburg, arrived on a second visit to England, and were received by the Queen herself on the grand staircase in Windsor Castle.

What changes had taken place since the young cousins had last met and parted, in all the pleasant freedom of the quiet life at Kensington!

Not more marked was the change in our gracious Queen than in her princely cousin. He had entered now on the dignity of man's estate, and the active and studious life he had been leading, of self-restraint and self-improvement, showed itself in his manly bearing and in his striking countenance; in which gentleness of character, strength of mind, and depth of thought were remarkably blended.

The young Queen's heart was soon attracted towards the Prince; who, on his part, had never ceased to cherish her image in his memory.

"Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

Her Majesty's choice was the source of general rejoicing; but few could have then foreseen how priceless the blessing would be to our Queen, and to her nation, of the life and example of him whom our Poet-laureate has thus described:

"Who reverenced his conscience as his king:
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her."

The announcement of the Queen's approaching marriage with the chosen of her heart, filled her people with joyful sympathy. Prince Albert's reception, from his landing at Dover until his entrance within the door of Buckingham Palace, where the Queen and her mother were standing "ready to be the first to meet and greet him," was one of ever-increasing enthusiasm.

Two days later, on the 10th of February, the royal wedding was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Again all London rejoiced, and the sight of the young Queen, her eyes wet with tears, though her face was full of happiness, endeared her afresh, and made the acclamations of loyal love that greeted her more tender and more deep.

"O lovely lady! let her vow! yea, let her vow to love;
And though she be no less a Queen with purples hung above,
* * * * * *
Yet may the bride veil hide from her a little of that state,
While loving hopes for retinues about her sweetness wait.
* * * * * *
And now upon our Queen's last vow what blessings shall we pray!
None straitened to a shallow crown will suit our lips to-day;
Behold, they must be free as love, they must be broad as free,
Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.
Long live she! send up loyal shouts, and true hearts pray between,
'The blessings happy peasants have, be thine, O crowned Queen.'"

(To be Continued.)

THE CORONATION

A CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

A number of pastors of Congregational churches in America have for several years set apart one Sunday annually for some public recognition of the children by the church. One of the earliest to inaugurate this service was Dr. R. S. Storrs, at the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn. The following description, taken from the New York *Observer*, explains the custom: Dr Storrs stood by the communion table, on which lay a piled-up heap of flowers, flanked by little white packages tied with dainty ribbons. Calling by name each baptized child of the church who had reached the age of seven years, the pastor presented each one with a kiss, a bouquet of flowers, and a well-bound Oxford Bible, containing all the usual "helps," in which were inscribed the dates of the child's birth and baptism, with the date of the presentation and the pastor's signature. One day a member of the congregation called on Dr. Storrs and explained that he was removing to a distant town; but that his little daughter would soon be seven years old, and he hesitated to take away her right to receive her Bible from the church. The pastor assured him that the Bible should be sent to her. When the day came round, to the surprise of the pastor the little one came forward with the others, having made, with her father, a journey of several hundred miles in order to be present. A custom which binds the family and the children so closely to the church should be extended to all the churches.—*London Christian World.*

READY TO GO.—The total number who have signed the statement, "We are willing and desirous, God willing, to be foreign missionaries," after the visits of Messrs Furman and Wilder to 162 American and Canadian colleges, is 2, 267.

NEW-LAID EGGS; OR, BEER AND TOBACCO.

"Twopence each! that's more than I can afford. I don't mind giving three halfpence for really new laid eggs, but twopence apiece! no, I can't afford it."

"But, George, you know the doctor ordered them; at least, he said they would be the best thing for Harry."

"Yes, I know he said something about it, but think of the cost; why, if he has only one a day, there's fourteenpence a week."

"I know it, George, and I know that now you are short of work it is a lot, but for the sake of the little one we must try to spare it."

"Well, you must pinch a little in something else, I suppose, but I'm sure I don't know in what." As he said this, George filled his pipe, and now he sat down by the kitchen fire, and puffed away, apparently in deep thought; at length, taking his pipe from between his lips, he said, "Of course Harry must have the eggs, poor little chap, but it's more than we can afford."

"And I can't be more careful than I am, George," answered his wife; "I spare and pinch in every way that I can, and sometimes I get barely food enough to keep me up." As she said this Sarah's eyes filled with tears. Perhaps she was thinking of the times, not so very long ago, but before she married the handsome young carpenter, when she never knew what it was to feel that she had not enough and to spare, for in the family where Sarah had been housemaid there was no stinting; and now she could not afford the new-laid egg a day which the doctor had said would do her little son so much good; for work was slack, and her husband could earn but little.

George noticed the tears, and spoke cheeringly. "Don't fret, Sarah; better times will be coming before long, and then we shall forget this struggle. I wish I could do more, but till the trade stirs a bit that is out of the question."

"There is one thing I have been thinking you might do, George—but no, I won't say it."

"Out with it," answered her husband, encouragingly; "what is it you have been thinking?"

"I was wondering whether you couldn't do without your pipe, or at any rate smoke a little less"—George's face rather lengthened, but his wife continued—"and the pint or two of beer you have; see what a help the money would be; we could get strengthening things for Harry, and then have a little left for the rent."

Sarah knew that she had made a bold speech, for her husband had often said that teetotalism was all very well for those who had never been used to beer, but when a man had been accustomed to take a little he could not do without it, and as to his pipe, he would rather go without a meal than not have his bit of "baccy," any time.

George did not often get vexed with his wife, but she feared she had vexed him now—for he did not say a word, but smoked with redoubled vigor. Presently he put his pipe on the mantel-shelf with a thoughtful air.

"I will try," he said; "I know I shall miss it terribly, but I'll try to do without it, for a time, at any rate."

For a week or two George did miss his pipe, more, perhaps, than any one not accustomed to smoking would have thought possible; but after that the taste for it seemed to be gone, and he ceased to think about it.

"I'll try the beer now," he said to himself one evening; "I can do without tobacco, perhaps I can manage without beer!" The carrying out of this resolve caused even more inconvenience than the loss of his tobacco, but he had made up his mind to give it a fair trial, and he persevered, until the longing for it gradually ceased, and George could do without beer or pipe, and feel a great deal better into the bargain.

He had never been what he would have termed an extravagant drinker, but even when work was slack he generally spent a little on beer, "just to keep him in heart," as he would have said; but now he felt that he had more heart and pluck without any such stimulant; moreover, he was able to take home all his earnings without paying toll at "The Pack Horse" or "The Blue Boar," as he formerly did, and it was wonderful to him to find how much he had been in the habit of spending. "Why," he said, more than once, "if I had always put by my beer and 'baccy' money, I might have been able to start in business for myself before now;" and so he might, and so also might a great many others who never do so, if they only took care of their pence instead of spending them in injurious luxuries. Twopence a day amounts to three pounds and tenpence a year, and who is there that smokes and drinks, however moderately, that does not spend three or four times that amount? Many a mechanic wastes ten or twelve pounds in a twelvemonth in the pennies and twopences he spends at the public-house, and yet always goes home apparently sober. Would it not be better to put something by for a rainy day?

But to return to George and Sarah and little Harry. The child grew well and strong, and although he needed many little luxuries that a more robust child would not have required, they were always forthcoming.

Better times did come, as George had predicted, but he and his wife never forgot the struggle they had passed through when Harry was ill and eggs were twopence apiece. They often thought of it with thankfulness, for was it not owing to that very struggle that George had been induced to give up his twin luxuries, beer and tobacco?

Their home now is a different one, too, although it had never been an unhappy one, but there is an air of prosperity about it now that used not to smile upon it; nor does Sarah ever have to say that she gets barely food enough to keep her up, as she said once; and we should not wonder, if we were curious enough to enquire, but that we should find that both she and her husband can have a new-laid egg for tea just whenever they fancy one. This we know for certain, that they neither regret the time when the pipe and drink were banished from their house.—*British Workman.*

STICK TO IT.

"There is room at the top," was the answer Daniel Webster once gave a young man who questioned him if there was a chance in his profession. And it is as true of the man who wields the scythe as of him who wields the pen. The carpenter who regrets that he is not a stone-mason, the dry-goods clerk who wishes himself a druggist are not the ones who succeed, but those who, having chosen a vocation, stick to it, and bend every energy to excel in it. Success awaits them, and beckons them on. Judge L——, well-known in his profession to-day, thus relates his early experience:

I graduated with honors, received my diploma, and went to New York with most sanguine expectations of going into practice with an old lawyer to whom I had recommendations. Of money I had almost none.

I secured humble lodgings, and then sallied forth to Lawyer ——'s office. The lawyer's greeting did not reassure me. He took my letters of recommendation, read them, and then remarked, "My young friend, you've made a mistake. The law is over-crowded. You'll find starvation in it. A beginner stands no chance. You'd do better at anything else, even wood-sawing. I can do nothing for you."

My disappointment was great. Lawyer M——'s word was a law to me. If he saw no chance for me, I thought there was none. My bright expectations had vanished, I went back to my room blue enough. While sitting there meditating, my landlady came in, and soon found out my non-success. She advised me to try banking. Her son was engaged in that business in a neighboring city, and was doing "splendidly," she said.

She knew the president of one of the banks in the city and believed I could get a position there. Her glowing picture gave me renewed hope, and I was eager to try it. She kindly wrote a letter to the banker, and with this I once more went forth full of hope.

Arrived at the bank I handed my letter to a clerk, and he delivered it to some one behind a desk. Then he took his hat and went out, and I stood there and waited an hour at least.

Finally a gray-haired old gentleman came out and said, "You are the young man who brought this letter in, I believe?"

"Yes, sir"

"Ahem! Yes: well, please say to Mrs. Green, that I am sorry not to be able to do her the favor, but we have no vacancies at present."

I made no reply. Only stood and looked at him.

"Young man," he said at last, "take my advice, and never attempt to learn banking. You could hope for nothing better than the position of book-keeper for years, if ever; and it is nothing but a dog's life. Besides, the business is crowded, sir. There are more banks than there are people to support them. Every paper you pick up is full of bank failures."

And he bowed me out.

I made several other attempts to get into business of various kinds, always to be met by disappointment and words of discouragement.

For two weeks I tried, and then I came to the conclusion that my chances of success were better in the vocation for which I had fitted myself; and one afternoon I hired a small office, and went into the law business myself, and I've stuck to it.

Of course it was slow work at first, but I worked like a beaver, studying when I'd nothing else on hand, and—well, men call me successful, and if I am, perseverance and hard work have made me so.—*Youth's Companion.*

Question Corner.—No. 14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Of what wood was Noah's ark made?
2. What plant afforded shade to a sun-stricken prophet?
2. What fruit were the Israelites commanded not to glean, but to leave for the poor and the stranger?
4. With what bitter and poisonous plant is judgment compared?
5. What plant was used by the Israelites in Egypt to sprinkle the door posts with blood?
6. Under what tree was Elijah sitting when he prayed that he might die?
7. Of what plant was the pottage made which Jacob sold to Esau?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Cedar. 2 Sam. 7:2.
2. Cinnamon. Rev. 18:13.
3. Coriander. Ex. 16:31.
4. Cucumber. Num. 11:5.
5. Cummin. Isa. 28:25, 27; Matt. 23: 23.
6. Ebony. Ex. 27:15.
7. Fir. 2 Sam 6:5.
8. Flax. Ex. 9:31.

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